

We're Happy Here

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**\*\*Rating:** Hard T, almost an M, but nothing really *\*sexy\** happens, sex is talked about through euphemisms and in plain speech. So, if you have had the talk, it should be fine.

**\*\*Notes:** I was on the Asexual tag on Tumblr, and someone posted: Shipping hardmode: Everyone is asexual. And I'm like, CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

The basic definition of asexuality is: Lacking interest in or desire for sex. Asexuality occurs in about 1% of the population—say 100 kids were born on the same day, one of them would be asexual. Hiccup and Astrid are pretty much beating the odds, but that's OK since this is a writing challenge and it doesn't have to reflect real life.

The following is me connecting some dots, taking characteristics and using them to support the headcanon of them being asexual. Heck if I know what their canon sexualities are, but I can at least assume that they're romantically inclined to each other.

I thought about awkward asexual virgin Hiccup, who is confused and worried, because society says he should \_want\_ sex, just like it said that he should kill a dragon. You know how that turned out. His past as village misfit also may have influenced it, he was 'untouchable' for the longest time and didn't think that he was worthy of intimacy. Sex just looks a \_bit\_ uncomfortable for his taste, and he's looked at drawings, talked to people, tried to imagine things, but never really liked that a writhing, sweaty, and screaming lover is a sign he's doing things right.

Astrid thought that she was just practical, like she once she was ready for it, she would like it. She knows it can lead to children, and she doesn't want kids so she doesn't do it. Her virginity is valuable in this society, so she doesn't go out of her way to lose it. She tricked herself into believing that since she has such great control of her body that she 'controls' what affects her, instead of thinking about if she actually found anyone sexy. And then she got into a relationship

First half is 3rd person omniscient following Hiccup, second half is 3rd person omniscient following Astrid.

For timeline purposes, this is gonna be about half of a year before HTTYD2. Hiccup and Astrid started officially dating 2 years after HTTYD1, when parts of their friendship turned more romantic.

I glossed over the results of the second movie in the epilogue, so, \*\*Spoilers for HTTYD2\*\*.

Oh gods there are so many euphemisms. I'm so sorry. (the gooey relationship stuff, however

\* \* \*

<p><strong>We're Happy Here<strong>

Hiccup jumped off of Toothless, down onto a secluded isle. He stretched his gaze to the sky, searching for his girlfriend in the late afternoon sky. The sky was darkening, but he could find no sign of Astrid and her Nadder, Stormfly. That is, until a screech came from the woods behind them.

"Haha! Beat you here!" the blonde teen tossed herself from her dragon, eagerly tackling him onto the earth. A snicker bubbled up from her stomach, rebounding with his own chuckles. They got up, still holding another, faces blushing from the laughter. Astrid broke off, puffing out her chest, "So that means I get to name this one!" and she held her hands up to the sky, cheering. Stormfly hopped up and down with her, and in the excitement Toothless slipped away into the undergrowth. "Hmm, now I can't beat such lovely names as Ducknail or Wallowguts, but I think I'll try."

Her joy was really unlike her, but it fit so well, it was almost a pain to say, "Not quite!" and he pulled out a surprise of his own. Toothless had returned, a basket dangling from his mouth. "I

Astrid tilted her head, remembering, "Even that volcano?"

"Oh come one, could you just! I'm trying to be all-\_romantic\_ here and-" He flailed his arms, trying to show her that he was working at being her boyfriend, not just running off at the first sign of adulthood. "-You bring it up like-" and she inched up to him, kissing the rest of his sentence into oblivion.

He was unsteady, not the bad unsteady when his leg throbs, but the sort of drunken happiness and little Terrors crawling in his stomach unsteady. He had a plan, but if milady wanted to kiss for a little longer, than he wouldn't mind. Those chapped lips were really doing wonders to his nervous system. Hiccup almost had to force himself to recall just what he wanted to accomplish. Listening to Snotlout was a bad idea at the best of times, but there was a little voice in his head, egging him on. Was he really, \_really\_ \_dating\_ the most beautiful woman in the Archipelago and hasn't thought to, as his cousin plainly put it, hit that like a drum?

To be honest, he hasn't.

And, by virtue of being his better half, Astrid may have already thought of it. And that may be the reason why she was so mad at him lately. So, his thoughts turned to that. Sex, not Astrid's anger. Once he started to pay attention, sex was mentioned all of the time in men's conversation. Was it another tradition he completely skipped out on, like winning Thawfest? Or killing a dragon? That information was gobbled up by his other small voice, one that he has had since he was a child. What if you aren't good enough? What if you bore her?

It was those thoughts that made him consult the older men in town. And in some ways, it was easy. Drunken warriors often speak of their conquests, and if Hiccup just happened to be hanging around to listen, then no harm done. That plan didn't quite work as intended; he was spotted from a mile off. Then he babbled something about Astrid, then the men's demeanor changed. They'd give him a smile and wink, mutter something about 'young love' and tell him to twist his fingers this way and that to get her keening.

The thoughts of it made his ears burn and his stomach lurch. The voices in his head were organized enough to call a meeting, instead of little whispers every other second, he had packs of them in the middle of the night, jolting him awake with a cold sweat.

What if he was completely off the mark about her anger? What if he couldn't go through with it? What if she didn't reciprocate his advances? What if, Gods above, she \_did\_ and he'd have to go along with it? Odin knows the bullheaded way she gets, and he doesn't want to be on the receiving end of \_that\_.

But then there were the older men's faces. They were proud to see him try, or at least, proud that he was thinking about it. He added another item to the mental list of things he was sure that he lacked as a Viking. Would he really be able to call himself a one if he didn't want this? His head was going around in circles, thoughts reworking themselves into a frenzy. Enough was enough. Hiccup did what he always did.

Acted first, thought later.

So, he planned, keeping his little secret abreast like it was

Toothless, all those years ago. Hiccup made saddles late into the night; both to clear his schedule and train himself to stay up. He found a nice, secluded spot in out in the islands and prepared it; driving off any unwanted pests and setting up a campsite. The men were insistent on it, saying something about screaming, which Hiccup guessed was another mystery he'd find out when he'd get there.

And 'there' miraculously turned into 'now', where he was languidly kissing the most amazing person he's ever known, while lying down on a warmed blanket courtesy of the most amazing dragon he's ever known. Who, by the way, had cleared out with Stormfly, as per his instructions.

It was now or never. Okay, just breathe through the noseâ€|aaaaaannnnndddd-jackpot! His hands were right on Astrid's breasts. They were firm, and kinda squishy, like the mound of pig fat that Gobber kept in storage for treating leather. The feeling was utterly alien to his own, comically stick-like body; it was enough to keep him exploring while Astrid froze up. There was a strange sort of hardness, like unyielding steel rivets pressed into -better just continue with the metaphor- soft leather. Those were her nipples, probably. Suddenly remembering what the older men told him, he started rubbing them with his thumbs, splaying his fingers around to provide some more stimulation.

Or at least, he would have, if Astrid hadn't jerked away. "What are you-" she sat up, and he followed, a little disappointed. His girlfriend backed up on her knees, keeping the distance, eyes wary.

No, no no he was losing her! "Wait, I can do better! C'mon, babeâ€|" he used her pet name, reaching out.

"Don't you dare." and her voice was so filled with poison, he knew he wouldn't.

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid had meant every word. Hiccup flinched, settling back on his haunches, like his dragon would.<p>

She should've known something was going on. The wives of the village were all atwitter, and their husbands too. She was meaning to talk to Hiccup about that actually, maybe it was a household invention, a marital aid of some sort, but this hit her out of the sky. Her head started spinning at the implications-Hiccup had planned this, so he must have been thinking about this for a while. He was waiting for her to lead, like she had with kisses and hand-holding. But she took too long, and now he's taking matters into his own hands. 'Literally.' Astrid thought as she clutched her hands close to her chest.

What was he even doing, pawing at her breasts like that? Astrid loathed to admit the deep terror she felt she felt at the feeling. Arousal was rare to her, and to feel so much in a short time hurt, in a way. She had always thought she had control over urges, but after being with Hiccup for so long, she wasn't sure she had them at all. Astrid thought it was a good thing; everyone had drilled into her head about waiting until marriage, it was traditional, it was safe, it was sensibleâ€|she thought that Hiccup knew as well.

Apparently not.

Her boyfriend was quiet, and she knew without a doubt he was trying to decipher the clues himself. Hiccup had this quality of observing things and trying to fix them. In fact, he was trying to do that now. He took a deep breath in, "Okay, okay." he used the tone on dragons. Is that what she was now? A dangerous creature to be tamed? "I'm not going to-" and he was doing exactly that, raising his hands to try and calm her. He seemed to think better, and pulled them away, sheepish. "Look, how about I leave these right here?" and he arranged himself, cross-legged, hands on his knees.

Not one to back down, she decided to glare as she mirrored him, not crossing her legs as he did, but sitting down all the same. It was time for some answers.

"Okay, so I scared you, and that's a first, to be honest." Hiccup said, followed by a short little laugh. "But, uhh, this is good!" Astrid narrowed her eyes, and he quickly added, "I mean, we can start talking about where this is going." And his shoulders gestured to her, which probably meant he was talking about them.

Astrid softened her glare. So, it was time to talk about their relationship. Fair enough. He wasn't good enough for words, so she tilted her head back in a nonverbal 'go on'.

"Okay, let me just toss this out here. I know we've been dating a while, and I know that's not really typical of your average Viking. And, according to our parents," he continued, "There should already be, haah, several," and his voice cracks at that, "Haddock heirs running around." There was a split second grimace of terror. His diplomacy lessons were kicking in, "And I know we're not exactly an average Viking couple, but-I'm just trying to understand. Why haven't we, err, gone all of the way?"

"We're not married yet." Astrid said cleanly. It's his fault for not talking to their parents sooner. Ah, if only women could propose. Suppose she'd have to look to a far off future for that.

"Yeah, but, with the stories I've been hearing lately, I'm wondering if that ever stopped anyone? I mean, after three yearsâ€|and I'm not saying I'm mad, it's more of a relief, butâ€|" He turned his eyes back onto Astrid, prompting an answer.

So Hiccup wanted that. Sex. Her mouth turned dry, and her head felt like it was dunked in swamp water. Her mother had told her about this. She said to guard yourself fiercely, but if it happens- and the elder Hofferson shrugged at it-you have a black spot on your reputation, and your lover will have to pay your future husband the equivalent of what he took. The thought of it made the young girl shiver, which her mother took as anticipation. "Ahh, don' worry child," she said, patting her youngest on her shoulders. "We're gonna make that poor boy propose before anything happens." Astrid had nodded, and that was that.

No one could have predicted a three year courtship, by Hiccup, of all people. But they were here, and in love. In a love built up on the years, not just first attractions. That's why she had to tell him.

Of course, just as Astrid was about to say something, he opened his mouth. "I'm-I'm just wondering if I'm not what you want." Hiccup broke his own rules, taking his hands off of his knees and twiddling his fingers.

"Of course you're the one I want!" the words were spoken before she thought. The blonde reached out, grabbing his hands and making eye contact. "Would we even be together this long if I wasn't sure?" She could almost feel the questions knocking around in his oversized head. "\_Hiccup\_", Astrid tried again for his attention, "I need to tell you something, okay? But I need you to understand." Now it was her turn to take a breath. "I don't want you like that." His face fell, and she could hear the crumbling of his world. "Now, wait! I don't want \_anyone\_ like that. It'sâ€¦" She had all these words planned out, now they were stuck to the roof of her mouth, "â€¦\_you're\_ an axe."

"What?" Hiccup said, and she felt for a split second that she was speaking another language. Repeating herself was the best option.

"You're an axe. I really, really like my axe, I do. Sometimes I look at it and remember all of the amazing things done in the forge," Astrid curled her fingers around his, "Sometimes I like to admire all of the details in the handle," and she grabbed his arm, exaggerating her gaze on his muscles. Astrid wondered if that was clear enough for him to grasp. "But I don't really want to \_use\_ it." Hiccup's face was blank, a shield for him to hide behind while her words sunk in. She had to rip it off now or else he'd never understand. "Hiccup!" She grasped his face, combing her fingers through his hair and hitting the braids. His green eyes were raw with emotion. "I want this." She leaned back and grabbed his biceps, "The kissing, the contact, just being right beside you for the rest of my life is enough, okay? I didn't push you because I don't think about that. I don't need it to be happy."

Hiccup was tentatively reaching back to her, smile twitching on his lips, but she kept going, encouraging, "This place, right here, is where I've been happiest. And if you want to go on, well, you may have to lead." she gulped, "But I promise to stay by your side." She was strong, resilient in her beliefs. Their hands migrated back between them, linked.

Hiccup found his voice, "Well, if this is when you're happiest, who am I to take that away? And uhh, Astrid?" he asked, shyly.

She nodded.

"I'm pretty happy here too." He gave her the sappiest of grins. The tension was gone, and the afternoon regained it's sense of ease. They fell back against the blanket, hands still linked, shifting into a comfortable position. It was like a weight was off of their backs, and they both had sighed in relief.

Well, Hiccup did. Astrid supposed she would always have this little fear. If he's just going to humor her for a little while. If he's really prepared go on without that, it may be an impossibility. Astrid's heard about men's indomitable desires. "'Mmm, Hiccup?" Astrid mumbles, burying her nose into his side and casting an arm

around him.

He hummed, rubbing her back in little circles.

"You're okay with this?" and it's a miracle that he's able to understand with her mouth pressed into his fluttering heart.

"Yeah. I mean," he pressed a quick kiss to her head, "Thinking about that stuff, it's like trying to watch all the villagers sing Snoggletog tunes. Awkward, messy, and loud. I guess I could join in, but I'm not drunk."

Astrid stilled. "After the whole 'axe' thing, you're trying to get away with that? Comparing me to Snoggletog?" She bolted upright, staring down her boyfriend with the most incredulous face-and seeing his perfectly honest one made her snigger. "That's" another giggle bubbled up, encouraged by the mental picture of last Snoggletog, "so," the pause was to find another word, not to laugh, "you!" there must have been something slipped in her breakfast, she'd been giddy all day. Astrid fell down across her boyfriend's stomach, earning an 'oof' before her laughter infected him once more. "You justâ€¦say things like that!" There was an unsaid, 'and I love that about you.'

Astrid locked eyes with Hiccup, setting herself back beside him. His eyes were wide and lips parted, like he was going to gasp in amazement at any moment.

Instead, he blurted out, "Would you marry me?" And the words even shocked him, for a second. "We could have this, all the time, if you want. I mean, not really this ALL of the time, butâ€¦umm." Hiccup fiddled with his fingers again, rambling. "How about a test run?" he pleaded. "I mean, we both know we're not gonna -yeah- and so, I thought, why not? We'll sleep in the same bed, and if you don't like me in the morning, then I won't announce the proposal."

'There's no way I'd not like you' she thought, but said, "That sounds great!" and kissed him soundly. A hand tenderly curled into her hair, and she cupped his jaw, rubbing the growing stubble.

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning she woke up to a drooling boyfriend, clinging to her like a Terror and it's last fish. Her breath stunk like week-old stew, and in the confusion of limbs she might have given him some bruises while leaving him to rest. Morning training waited for no woman, and if she thought that Hiccup would join her, well, that was one hope dashed. Though, it was trying for her to leave the bed, with his warm limbs and earnest, mussed hair. She could get spoiled, waking up to a loving person like him.<p>

Hmm. Marriage sounded better already.

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning he woke up to his girlfriend rattling his arms around like chains. His words were guttural, like a dragon's call. Still, he had got a look at her face, fresh from sleep, from worries. Astrid left three bruises that he'd count later. He'd better get up after her, but waking up was hard even before his leg had gone, and

it was comforting to hear her bustle around the campsite, having a morning routine. He could get spoiled, waking up to a loving person like her.<p>

Hmm. Maybe this marriage thing really would work out.

\* \* \*

><p>They told their parents that afternoon. The date was set seven months from then, reasonable, given the time to plan out the details. Hiccup was a Chief's son, and he had to have the most lavish wedding of the Archipelago, even if it meant selling off their dragons to do it. They never had to, just train the other tribes to deal with them. Stoick believed that Hiccup was performing great under pressure, Hiccup, the opposite.<p>

Which is why Hiccup was mapping out a lovely mountain called 'Itchy Armpit' instead of racing, that day. If he could turn back time, he would, stop the attack, \_of course\_, but dragons have their eyes on the front of their heads for a reason. If you're looking back, that means you aren't looking forward. The wedding, held a month after the Drago and Valka incident, gave hope for the future.

Many had bet on children following immediately, given the couple's history together. But, many coins were lost, as a year after their marriage, there was not even a mention of an heir. Many villagers had wanted to know their secret, as they were just as attached to each other since the day that he first walked on his prosthetic.

The chieftain and his wife just shared a little smile, only saying that they were 'happy here'.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Notes:<strong>

Marriages take a while to plan, let me tell you. Not to mention that as the chief's son, it's a BIG freaking to-do, because it's basically a royal wedding. Stoick has to make sure that every allied tribe can come by, for risk of starting wars. He also has to talk to them about dragons. Hiccup was doing so well with keeping the other tribes in check that Stoick wanted to pass the mantleâ€¦The wedding was set to be near the events of the movie, which is why Stoick was all 'future daughter-in-law!' at the races. At least that's my headcanon. If they ever want kids, it's just a matter of asking each other.

If you could leave a review, that'd be wonderful!

\*\*Ill\*\*

End  
file.